

June 2019

Weekly Standard clipping, 20 January 1866

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/bernard>

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Weekly Standard clipping, 20 January 1866" (2019). *Frederick Robert Bernard Collection*. 66.
<https://egrove.olemiss.edu/bernard/66>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the General Special Collections at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Frederick Robert Bernard Collection by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Weekly Standard

MISSISSIPPI, JANUARY 20, 1866.

never witnessed so great a political crime as that committed in the destruction of the Confederate Government by armed force. Other nations, in ancient as well as modern times, have fallen under the yoke of the conqueror or usurper, because their own follies, vices or crimes had prepared the way for their subjugation. Many tears have been shed over the fate of unhappy Poland, but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the Poles had shown their incapacity to manage their own Government ere they were consigned to foreign rule. In our case, however, the civilized nations of the earth have stood aloof and seen a brave and patriotic people politically murdered, while maintaining an unprecedented struggle for the right of self-government, and manifesting at every step their capacity for it, and this, too, when under an assumed neutrality, the resources of men, money and munitions of war of those very nations being freely used to consummate the monstrous deed, and thereby give the final blow to a genuine republican government even in the United States.

On behalf of my down-trodden country, I make the appeal to those nations that they will not commit the further injustice of receiving the history of this struggle from the mouths and pens of our enemies, but that they shall wait until the time shall come for placing a true history before them. In the meantime, let all my countrymen who were in a condition to know the character of the contest, put in tangible form, to be preserved for the use of the future historian, such facts and materials for that history as are in their knowledge or possession.

J. A. EARLY.

Lieut. General C. S. A.

Gen. Robt. E. Lee.

From the New York Old Guard.

The excellent likeness which we give of Gen. Lee in this number of the Old Guard, will, we are sure, be a source of gratification to our readers. It is a remarkable fact that, even in the Northern States, this foremost man of the military power of the so-called rebellion is regarded with sentiments of respect by all, except a small number of the very basest and most fanatical of our population. It is the deference and admiration which human nature, under all circumstances, pays to a really splendid character. Character is something greater than talent—greater than the sword—for it survives, in the adoration of mankind, when the achievements of the sword are obliterated by the wear of time. After all, character is the test of real power in an individual.

"He was a man, all in all," is the highest praise a man can win or wear. We behold the triumph of character in the plaudits which the Roman people declared when they said: "The victorious cause might please the gods, but the vanquished cause pleased Cato." In the light of a truly great character, the vanquished cause shows more conspicuously and more gloriously than the victorious. What is often called failure, is the greatest success in the way of fame. The assassination of the usurper, Cæsar, was a failure, so far as bringing back the lost liberties of the Roman people was concerned; but the undertaking was gilded with the splendor of Brutus' virtues, and it has ever since occupied one of the proudest points in the admiration of mankind. After the lapse of two thousand years its glories are undimmed; and they will shine brighter and brighter as the ages pass away. The name of Brutus will be synonymous with virtue and liberty, as long as the memory of men survives.

"Rebel" is a word which, however mountaneous in the imagination of innocence and roguery need have no terrors for a truly virtuous and patriotic man. The "rebel" of to-day is, oftener than otherwise, the greatest hero and the most splendid character of history; while the most "loyal" man of the hour, if his name survives long enough to get into history, is quite as apt to pass there as the meanest specimen of a wretch that ever sneaked through an inglorious existence. When the impartial historian comes to narrate the events of the past four years of American history, he will be confronted with the pregnant fact that what was called the "rebellion" was led by such men as Lee, and Stephens, and Bishop Polk; while the other side was represented by a Ben. Butler, a Stanton, or a Milroy! The patriotism and virtue of Gen. Robt. E. Lee stand unquestioned to-day by all parties whose reputation for intelligence and candor renders their opinion desirable. When the unhappy conflict began, Gen. Lee bore a reputation that was untarnished

by a single spot, and the following letters, one to Gen. Scott, and the other to his sister, show that in taking the step he did he was moved by no motive that was not inspired by a sense of duty and by the most earnest impulses of patriotism and virtue:

"ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

"General—Since my interview with you on the 18th inst., I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I, therefore, tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all of the ability I possessed.

"During the whole of the time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, and the most cordial friendship from comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself, for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be very dear to me.

"Save in defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours, "R. E. Lee."

"Lieut. Gen. Winfield Scott, commanding United States Army."

A copy of the preceding letter was enclosed in the following letter to a sister of the General, Mrs. A. M.:

"ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

"MY DEAR SISTER: I am grieved at my inability to meet you. * * * I have been waiting for "a more convenient season," which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn, and though I recognize no necessity for such a state of things and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question, *whether I would take part against my native State.* With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State, with a sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword.

"I know you will blame me, but you must think of me as kindly as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right. To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send a copy of my letter to General Scott, which accompanied my resignation. I have no time for more.

"* * * May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you every blessing, is the prayer of your devoted brother,

"R. E. LEE."

Of course it will be said that Gen. Lee committed a fatal error in resolving to follow the fortunes of his State. But would it not have been astonishing if he had arrived at any other conclusion? He had been instructed by Jefferson, the Father of our Declaration of Independence, that "States can wholly withdraw their delegated powers." He had also been instructed by President Madison, the Father of the Constitution, that "a delegated is not a surrendered power," and that "there is no power above that of a State to judge in the last resort," &c. This doctrine neither he nor any body else had ever heard called in question by any respectable statesman, from the foundation of the Government to the election of Lincoln. And more than this, he knew that Virginia had ratified the Constitution and become a member of the Union, only on condition that she should have the right to resume her delegated powers whenever, in her opinion, it should become necessary for her own safety. More still, he knew that from time for more than a quarter of a century, various Northern States had petitioned Congress for a dissolution of the Union, and that the New England States had several times taken steps to withdraw, "peacefully if they could, forcibly if they must." Under these circumstances was there any depravity on the part of the judgment of Gen. Lee in the course he pursued? We dare answer this question in the negative. We dare go further, and say that we believe it will be the verdict of history that his act involved no

The New Orleans Picayune says: Cornelius Fellowes, universally known as one of our oldest merchants, and as a gentleman and patriot of inflexible fidelity to country, to friends, and to his own convictions of duty and right, is nominated for the vacant seat in our State Senate, from this city.

We clip the above from the Memphis Avalanche, and have not observed it before in any other paper. If it is true that Cornelius Fellowes is a candidate, we have only to say, that he will take into the Louisiana Senate as much solid integrity and sound practical sense as any other man in the State could. He is the prince of good fellows, and no man in the Mississippi Valley can command more friends or boast of a higher, nobler, and purer character.

COTTON PRODUCTS OF THE WORLD.—

We clip the following interesting statistics from the New Orleans Picayune. This statement furnishes the fact that more than a million and a half bales of cotton were delivered in the port of Liverpool in the year 1865, or nearly double as much as was ever carried into that port from countries beyond our own, in any year previous to the war. It will not be strange, in view of these facts, and considering the madness that has desolated our own fertile country, if the controlling influence in the staple should be forever transferred from us to more distant countries. If it should be, and our present deranged labor system betokens it, then what will be the value of our currency, and how shall the colossal debt of the nation be paid? Cypher it out, reader—we cannot.

The following table, representing the receipts of cotton at Liverpool during the years 1864 and '65, have been carefully made up from the most authentic estimates and circulars. It presents an instructive exhibit of the progress of cotton culture in foreign countries, and of the effects which have been produced by the late war, in this department of industry and enterprise:

RECEIPTS OF COTTON AT LIVERPOOL, FROM 1ST OF JANUARY, 1865, TO 15TH OF DECEMBER, 1865.

	1865. Bales.	1865. Bales.
From the U. States	399,399	192,868
“ S. America, mainly Brazil	320,607	203,414
“ S. America, mainly Peru	63,898	27,059
“ Egypt	316,899	234,440
“ Smyrna and Greece	76,454	56,815
“ China and Japan	125,859	310,790
“ Madras and Bengal	152,537	156,151
“ Africa	6,476	1,669
“ (Sarat) or East Indies	912,163	895,413
“ West Indies, Hayti, La- guayra, Demerara, &c.	34,807	29,974
	2,413,599	2,203,593
Stock 15th December, 1865		348,090
1864		587,220

Bill Arp Addresses his Constituents.

Respectable Peepul:

I address you on this occasion with a profound admiration for the great consideration and the nice discrimination which caused you to honor me by your votes with a seat in the Senate of Georgy. For two momentous and inspiring weeks the Legislature have been in solemn session, one of whom I am proud to be which. For several days we were engaged as skouts, makin a rekonsance to see whether Georgy were a State or a Ingun territory—whether we were in the Un-ion, or out of it—whether me and my fokes and you and your fokes were somebody or nobody, and lastly, but by no means leastly, whether our poor innocent children, born durin the war, were all illegal and had to be born over agin or not. This last pint aro much unsettled, but our women are advised to be calm and serene.

My friends, our aim have honestly been to git you all back into the folds of the gloryus old Un-ion. Like the prodygal son, we had nothin to live on, and feelin lonesome and hungry, hav been bowin and scrapin and makin apologys for five or six months. We have been seen a standin afur off for weeks and weeks, but durn the caf do they kill for us. They know we've got nothin, fer they eat up our substance, and as for puttin rings on our fingers, we couldnt expekt it until they bring back the jewelry they carried away. I cannot say, in the langwadge of the poet, that our labor hav been a labor of love, for we've had monstrous poor encouragement, to be shore: but we had all set our heads towards the stars and stripes, and we jintly determined that, come wool come wo, sink or swim, sur-

unter convikt of the Lunatik Asylum. Charity inclines me to the opinion that old Sumner are crazy. I think he has been gittin worse ever since he took Brooks on the brain, and it do seem like the disease hav proved contagious. If they are for Peace, it must be the Peace that passeth all understanding, for we can't fathom it in these regions. They fout us to free the poor negro but didnt keer for the Union. The Western boys fout us for the Union but didnt care for the nigger. By double teamin on us they licked us and we gin it up, but now the one dont want our negroes and the other dont want our Union, and its the hardest skedule to please em both that a poor vanquished peepul ever undertook. Its the most hardest war to wind up that history rekords. Sumner Satan and Company, are still a fussin and fumin about the everlastin nigger—want him to vote and make laws, and squat on a jewry, and want to prohibit, no, what the same thing for the next 30 years to cum! Jeerusalem! where is the cussin man? They say its all right for a nigger not to vote in Connecticut, bekaus there aint but a few of em thar; and its all wrong for em not to vote in Gorgy bekaus theres a heap of them here, and they talk Logik and Retorik amazin to prove how it is. Well I haint got a whole parsel of sense like sum, but as shore as I'm two foot high a nigger is a nigger I don't keer where you smell him, and a vote is a vote I don't keer where you drop it. I golly! they can't git over that.

The truth is, my feller sitizens, I sometimes feel like we didn't have no Government. I felt that way when Mr. Gibson appointed me a committee on the State of a Republic. When the Secretary read out my name all mixed with the Republic, I felt that I was obleeged to resign. Risin majestikully to my feet, says I, “Mr. President, I beg to be respektably exkused sur, if you please. If thar is any Republik on this side of Jordan, I can't purseve it at this time, with these speks. Thar was a place in old Virginny called Port Republik, but Mr. Rebel General Stonewall Jackson wiped out its contents generally in 1863, and I havent since heard of it in Northern literature. I have heard of a scrub consarn over about Washinton they call a Republik, but, sur, it are likely to prove the grandest imposture that ever existed on a continent of freedom. I suppose, sur, it are to be moved to Boston or the infernal regions in a few days, and I want nuthin to do with it. Exkuse me, sur, but I must insist on being respektably discharged.” I took my seat amid the most profoundest and tumultuous silence I ever seed, and Mr. Gibson remarked that he woudnt impose the Republik on no respektable man agin his wishes. He then transferred me to the Finants Committee, and sed he hoped we would take immediate action, for the State had no money, as well as himself, and board was high and eat seteras frequent. This may not hav been his exaktual langwidge, but is anglin toward it. I bowed my head and sed, “Ditto, exsep that I dont

various gentlemen for a temporary loan, but they woudnt lend a dollar until Mr. Jenkins were naugurated, for they wanted his name to the note. Thinks, says I, there's a tap lost about the wagin. If we are a State we can borry money in Augusty. If we aint a State its none of our bisness to borry it at all. If Andy wants to run the machine his own way, let him pay his own expenses. What in the dickens is a Provision Government for, if it aint to get up provisions and provide for a feller generally. I made up my mind that perhaps we had been humorin Andy about long enuf. We had as much right to a Governor as Alabama or South Carolina. He wants us back about as bad as we want to get back, and a little badder, perhaps; and he needent put on so many unnecessary airs about this Senator bisness. If he fools with us much we wont elect nobody—I golly, we'll take the studs and go backwards. I forthwith returned to the Capitol, and stretchin forth one of my arms, ses I, “Mr. Gibson, sur—I'm your friend—I'm the friend of your wife and children; but ef Mr. Jenkins ain't naugurated soon, the State will collapse; a bright and glorious star will be obliterated from off the striped rag, and the President will lose about nine supporters in the Federal Congress. I move, sur, that ef we can't git our Governor at once like a sine qua non, we break up in a row and depart for Mexico.” It took like the small-pox and were carryed tumultuously. These proceedins were telegraphd to Washinton before the ink was dry, and we received orders forthwith to naugurate our Governor and roll on our cart. Then the money came, and we voted ourselves a pocketful apiece

hav studied law a week, and will be a candydate for sum high offis when we meet agin, provided we giv him time to sell his cotton seed. I'll say this—art hav done as much for him as for some of the candydates, and nature more, and his cotton seed are as good seed as ever I seed. I hope he

The following table, representing the receipts of cotton at Liverpool during the years 1864 and '65, have been carefully made up from the most authentic estimates and circulars. It presents an instructive exhibit of the progress of cotton culture in foreign countries, and of the effects which have been produced by the late war, in this department of industry and enterprise:

	1865. Bales.	1866. Bales.
From the U. States	399,399	192,868
“ S. America, mainly Bra- zil	320,607	203,414
“ S. America, mainly Peru	63,898	27,059
“ Egypt	316,899	234,440
“ Smyrna and Greece	76,454	56,815
“ China and Japan	125,859	310,790
“ Madras and Bengal	152,537	156,151
“ Africa	6,476	1,663
“ (Surat) or East Indies	912,163	895,413
“ West Indies, Hayti, La- guayra, Demerara, &c.	34,807	29,974

Respectabil Peepul:

My friends, our aim have honestly been to git you all back into the folds of the gloryus old Union. Like the prodygal son, we had nothin to live on, and feelin lonesome and hungry, hav been bowin and scrapin and makin apologys for five or six months. We have been seen a standin afur off for weeks and weeks, but durn the caf do they kill for us. They know we've got nothin, fer they eat up our substance, and as for puttin rings on our fingers, we couldnt expekt it until they bring back the jewelry they carried away. I cannot say, in the langwadge of the poet, that our labor hav been a labor of love, for we've had monstrous poor encouragement, to be shore: but we had all set our heads towards the stars and stripes, and we jintly determined that, come wool come wo, sink or swim, survive or perish, thunder or litenin, we'd slip back, or sneak back, or git back somehow else, or we'd stay out forever and ever amen and be hanged to em, so called, I golly.

various gentlemen for a temporary loan, but they would not lend a dollar until Mr. Jenkins were inaugurated, for they wanted his name to the note. Thinks, says I, there's a tap lost about the wagon. If we are a State we can borrow money in August. If we ain't a State it's none of our business to borrow it at all. If Andy wants to run the machine his own way, let him pay his own expenses. What in the dickens is a Provision Government for, if it ain't to get up provisions and provide for a feller generally. I made up my mind that perhaps we had been humored in Andy about long enough. We had as much right to a Governor as Alabama or South Carolina. He wants us back about as bad as we want to get back, and a little badder, perhaps; and he needn't put on so many unnecessary airs about this Senator business. If he fools with us much we won't elect nobody—I golly, we'll take the studs and go backwards. I forthwith returned to the Capitol, and stretchin' forth one of my arms, sez I, "Mr. Gibson, sur—I'm your friend—I'm the friend of your wife and children; but ef Mr. Jenkins ain't inaugurated soon, the State will collapse; a bright and glorious star will be obliterated from off the striped rag, and the President will lose about nine supporters in the Federal Congress. I move, sur, that ef we can't git our Governor at once like a *sine qua non*, we break up in a row and depart for Mexico." It took like the small-pox and were carried tumultuously. These proceedings were telegraphed to Washinton before the ink was dry, and we received orders forthwith to inaugurate our Governor and roll on our cart. Then the money came, and we voted ourselves a pocketful apiece and took a furlo. My frens, that wer a proud and glorious day. When that great and good man was makin' his affectin' speech, we all felt happy; and Capen Dodds, the member from Polk, remarked that he would like to die then, as he never expected to feel as heavenly agin. The tears run down his eye like rain. His other eye wer beat out by a Yankee soldier while the Capen were in prison. Of course the villen were tried for it and hung, though I haint seed no mention of it in the papers. Alas! poor Wirz.

More anonymous,
BILL ARR.
P. S.—Cousin John Thrasher sees he

More anonymous,
BILL ARR.
P. S.—Cousin John Thrasher sees he